

Midnight by Introvertia

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Characters: Billy Hargrove, Carol (Stranger Things), Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Tina (Stranger Things), Tommy H. (Stranger Things), Vicki (Stranger Things)

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Summary:

Harringrove: New Year's Eve Ficlet

Midnight

Steve had no idea how he'd gotten this drunk this fast or what what he'd even been thinking when on impulse he'd told everyone he was throwing a New Year's Eve party. Well he hadn't told everyone. He'd been trying to cover up the fact that his big plan was to stay home alone and watch videos and drink till the sun came up or he passed out, either one, whichever came first, it was a gamble, and the only thing that sounded *not* horrible. What he ended up saying to Nancy at lunch was,

"Oh, that's too bad you and Jon are going up to Chicago, I'm throwing a party." It was probably the stupidest lie he'd ever uttered, but unfortunately believable.

Tina had lit up like a Christmas tree, she'd just arrived with her tray and practically threw it on the table with excitement.

"Oh my God Steve! That's so awesome, you've not thrown a party in like, forever, and you have the coolest house, do you want me to make fliers? I'll only invite Juniors and Seniors, I promise!"

"Yeah, great, I was going to, but you know, I just thought word of mouth, might be better."

"Steve are you sure you want to do a flier party?"

Nancy looked worried, Steve never had more than a dozen or so people at his place.

"It's a big place, I mean, I don't think he'll run out of space." Jonathan stated unhelpfully.

"Okay, no fliers," Tina negotiates, "but I'll spread the word, this is going to be great, God I thought we were all going to be stuck with bonfires by Lake Jordan again, so boring, and the last time we got a real bonfire going, office Powell and Callahan came and made us all

go home, and it was like, only 10:30, like what the hell?”

“Oh yeah, and Charlie got put in the drunk tank, or whatever, his parents had to go get him”, Carol had walked up, her arms folded, “So you’re going to Harrington’s for New Year’s Eve?” Carol looked at Tina with a suggestive batting of her lashes. Tina blushed.

“Carol can come too, right?”

Steve wanted to scream, but instead he opened his mouth and said, “Of course, I mean, we’re all friends here.” Carol looked surprised, but covered it with a smile.

“Cool, it does beat Lake Jordan, I’ll tell Tommy, and Vicki, you know, the usual group. Are you and Jonathan going to be there?”

“Nope, I know you’re so disappointed, we’ll be in Chicago.” Nancy squeezed Jonathan’s arm, she looked at Steve with an unreadable expression and that’s when Steve let out a soft maniacal laugh and opted to put food in his mouth before he could say anything else idiotic.

People had been arriving since nine that evening, some tipsy all of them bundled and dusted with snow. At his last count, thirty or so people had arrived, he knew most of them from school, a small group from Carterville had come over, kids around his age that he’d met over the years at parties around Lake Jordan. There was a roaring fire going and everyone was flushed with warmth and booze. Someone had spilled punch on the hallway rug, it was a red spot on a red rug so he wasn’t too worried. As long as nothing was stolen or broken that would be exorbitantly expensive to replace, he figured his parents wouldn’t mind, besides that they’d have to actually be at home to notice.

Tommy and Carol seemed the most at ease in his house, they helped themselves to the booze and food like they owned the place, after all they had spent a lot of time there with him in the past. He didn’t miss

their friendship, whoever that Steve had been, was gone now. He felt like he was witnessing a play, some kind of immersion theatre. He leaned, buzzed against the wall, just below a large beveled mirror in a fashionably modern black lacquered frame. Here they were, drinking and laughing, like old times, hanging out in the living room.

“Nothing’s real.” Steve murmured into his beer can, no one heard him over the din of music and laughter. Steve thought he should have some water as he tilted the can back and drained it.

A few people were dancing to Prince’s “Let’s Go Crazy”, and Steve noticed it was already half past eleven and he was drinking too fast to last long enough to throw everyone out, maybe in the past he’d let Tommy and Carol spend the night, but he’d made it a point of telling *everyone* they had to leave by 2AM.

Someone was smoking pot and Steve looked around and was about to follow his nose when heard Vicki ask, “Where did Billy go?” she was wobbling around in some high-heeled boots, holding a bottle of cheap champagne, looking around with a pout. Steve cast his gaze around the living room and then searched the den. There were people scattered, talking and dancing and playing drinking games. He was looking for that blonde mane, but didn’t see Billy anywhere, let alone hear him. Billy was not shy at parties, granted there wasn’t a keg for him to drain there was a ton of the hard stuff in the kitchen. How had he not known that Hargrove was there?

Steve continued his search outside. He wasn’t sure what he’d do when he found him, but it felt important to know where Billy was. Steve sighed and watched his breath cloud the air about him, he peered around in the backyard, no one was there, the pool light was glowing pleasantly and he was momentarily mesmerized by the flakes landing on the surface of the water. He looked up at the stars, they were visible and bright, which probably meant that the snow wasn’t going to last.

Last year he’d kissed Nancy at midnight, and it hadn’t been the kiss

that was magical, it had been the thought that maybe, he'd found the one, that special someone.

Steve turned in a slow circle looking up and wishing he could fly up off the ground and away from Hawkins, his life and all the monsters, real and imagined. As he watched the slowly swaying stars he thought, he really should stop drinking before he got sloppy drunk, Steve caught sight of a more earthly light, the desk lamp in his room was on, he could just make it out through the open blinds. He normally wouldn't care, but he'd posted signs and told everyone upstairs was off limits. He didn't want people messing around in the bedrooms. He'd deliberately turned off all the lights upstairs so if anyone went up there they'd have a hard time navigating.

"You fuckers." Steve muttered and went back inside. In the kitchen Tina got in Steve's path, her eyes were glossy from drink and she leaned into him a little.

"HEY!" She did a little hop and smiled at him.

"Hey, Tina, you okay?"

"Yeah, I love this house. I'm so glad you threw a party." She rested her hand on his chest and pulled at the corner of the collar of his polo.

"Glad you came." Steve stepped sideways, Tina was cute but there was no electricity.

"It's gonna be midnight soon!" Tina crooned happily.

"Sure is." He nodded and leaned a little sideways, he tried to recall how many shots had he done. He took a wide arching step around her, and pushed himself away from the counter before he walked into it. He didn't know who was in his room, but he was going to find them and throw them down the stairs, it might make him feel a little better. He did a little shuffle skip through the hallway dancing towards the stairs, feeling more than a little manic. Talking Head's Psycho Killer was blaring in the living room.

Seated in Steve's way at the foot of the stairwell was Vicki, she looked pissed off. One of the guys from Carterville was standing before her and nodding as she complained.

"He always does this, he just wanders off, or like goes and hangs with the guys, and then comes back, eventually, and acts like I'm supposed to be okay with that? Like what's the point of having a date if your date is not even around?"

"What a douchebag, I'd never leave you alone at a party, you're way too hot." The guy eagerly volunteered. Vicki didn't even seem to hear him.

"Excuse me guys, coming through." Steve stepped between them and started up the stairs.

Steve decided he'd never throw another party again, not that he'd meant to throw one in the first place. He was swiftly approaching the door to his room when he heard a low moan, it was at that same moment when he got a whiff of a familiar cologne. The hair on the back of his neck stood up. Steve slowed his steps and walked over slowly to his door, *like a ninja*, he thought feeling rather serious as well as seriously drunk. Another low moan came from his room, it was Billy. The door was shut but Steve knew how to open it silently from lots of practice. He wrapped his hand around the knob and lifted the door upward to keep the hinges from squeaking. Steve cracked the door and peeked inside breathlessly. Laying on his belly with his face turned away from the door was Billy Hargrove. Steve was surprised to see him alone and had the brief panicked thought that whoever was with him was just hiding on the other side of the door. Steve knew that was ridiculous, but his whole body had tensed waiting for an eye to appear inches from his, looking at him with accusation.

Billy made a soft humming moan and sighed, drawing Steve's focus again. Billy's hands were fisted in the comforter, his hips rolled against the top of the bed, slowly, and then again, he twisted hips twisted and murmured wordlessly. Billy pressed his face into the blanket, and groaned low and loud, Steve felt a small spasm in his

groin, he watched breathlessly as Billy reached down and on buckled his belt, and pushed his jeans down low on his hips, Billy's left hand wrapped around his cock and he started rutting into Steve's bed. Steve swallowed hard and reached down palming his dick through his jeans. He'd never thought about Billy like this, like this in *his* bed. Doing *that* to his comforter.

Billy growled into the pillow, pulling the comforter tighter and rolled harder, he sighed heavily, and whimpered. Steve shoved his hand into his jeans and grabbed hold and started to jerk his cock, he didn't want Billy to finish without him. Steve's eyes locked on the swell of Billy's ass where his jeans were slipping lower with each thrust. He'd seen Billy's ass before, it had been hard to look away in the showers, but of course, you can't get caught checking out someone's ass at school.

"Steve... *ugh, ugh...* Steve..." Billy leaned up on his right elbow, he was flushed, his dark lashes splayed his eyes closed, his lips parted. Steve felt like he'd been struck by lightning and he worked himself harder. He watched as Billy rested his weight into the mattress, still stroking himself, he'd obviously come, but he was still working his cock dry. Steve released a soundless breath as he came in his jeans. His knees felt weak. It had been too fast, but too hot to go any slower. He withdrew his sticky hand and wiped it on the hip of his jeans not able to take his eyes off of Hargrove who was laying flat now.

Billy rubbed his filthy palm over Steve's exposed bedsheet, he rolled over his back, his beautiful stomach exposed, his flaccid cock twitching and drained. Steve had never seen anything more alluring in his whole life.

Billy opened his eyes and stared at the ceiling of Steve's bedroom. His heart was still thudding in his chest, he could feel all his muscles relaxing deliciously. He rested his eyes shut breathing slowly. He knew he needed to get back down stairs, but he wasn't too worried, he'd spotted Steve the second he'd arrived and the boy looked

miserable and drunk. Billy had wanted to say hello, or something, but he was pretty sure if Steve had seen him he'd have told him to get the fuck out of his house. Billy closed his eyes, picturing Steve's plump widemouth, and caramel colored eyes. He hummed softly to himself and let his hand trail back down his stomach and wrapped his hand around himself and gave a little squeeze.

Billy heard the house explode with a chorus of,

"TEN...NINE...EIGHT..." he cursed softly and started to tuck himself away. A blur of movement caught his eye, his whole body practically coiled he'd thought he'd been alone. He watched in disbelief as Harrington straddle his hips, Billy pushed on Steve's chest and felt Steve's fingers dig tightly into his hair and pull his head back roughly.

"FIVE... FOUR..."

Steve licked his lips staring at Billy, he felt as though he had a tiger by the tail and was about to be murdered, but looking into Billy's azure eyes, it was worth the risk.

"ONE! HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

Steve kissed Billy, his lips parting open, his tongue brushing up Billy's upper lip and sliding over his teeth, he turned his head and dipped his tongue to Billy's, slowing and inhaling deeply.

Billy wrapped his arms around Steve's waist and pulled him flush against him, Steve's tongue tasted faintly of tequila and lime. Billy squeezed Steve so tightly he released a shuddering sigh.

Downstairs the sound of poppers and horns bleated and blared, outside the distant rumble and crackle of fireworks could be heard going off over Hawkins' main strip.

Steve released Billy's hair and wrapped his arms around his neck, and felt Billy give a sucking draw on his bottom lip, followed by a sharp nip and a gentle kiss. Steve nuzzled Billy's nose, it was ridiculous and embarrassing, but it just happened. Steve lifted his chin looking at

Billy who's expression was wide eyed and dazzled.

"Happy New Year." Steve said quietly.

"Yeah." Billy nodded, his voice soft with sincerity.